



SATURDAY, JULY 10, 1920

Pansy's Pretty Bootees Are Shined By Cussy, the Little Bear Cub; She Eats Fruit, Jam and Honey

Another Entertaining Instalment of the
Fairy Tales of Marie, Queen of Roumania.

The Fairy Child Is Treated to the Sight of Popper
Grizzles and His Happy Family Breaking Bread.

By Marie, Queen of Roumania.

MOTHER GRIZZLES was indeed a person that had lost every pretense at a figure. She was all round and shapeless, with a very heavy head and a kindly, tolerant expression upon her face. Her coat was grayer than the coats of the other members of the family. Perhaps Mrs. Grizzles had to bear all the cares her selfish old husband had no intention of sharing with her.

She came into the cave on her hind legs carrying a huge wooden bowl out of which the steam mounted in a little column to the ceiling. She laid it down on the floor in the centre of the cave and, dropping on all fours, she looked about her.

"I see that my old man has a very attractive guest curled up against his fur," she said, most kindly. "and Cussy, that amiable little bear cub of mine, seems to quite agree with his father's taste." And Mother Grizzles winked at Pinky-Panky, who had followed her into the room.

"Young Master Cussy is very fond of jam," observed the Imp.

Pansy had sprung politely to her

the starting point than one ever expected.

"Cussy, what in the world are you doing?" cried Pansy, with a sudden annoyance for Cussy, proffering his mother's little sermon, had settled down at Pansy's feet, and was enjoying a good lick at her blue-green shoes that had seduced him from the first.

"You naughty, naughty boy!" cried Pansy. "Leave my shoes alone, or I'll kick you, and you won't like that, especially after the spanking you have just had. I'll have nothing more to do with you if you behave like that; you're a disgusting little chap, really!" Pinky-Panky laughed. "Here come the fat sisters," he said, "and I'm as hungry as hungry can be; let's leave off discussing and sit down to dine!" This was the strange meal Pansy had ever taken part in.

Father Grizzles held a big bowl between his forepaws or feet. Pansy really did not know what the bear's hands were doing, because they were not exactly paws and were used as hands or as feet in turn, which made it somewhat confusing. Well, Father Grizzles held his bowl with his paws flat on his tummy, sticking his snout into the appetizing dish of juicy red jam his wife had carefully prepared for him. From time to time he would look up with a grunt of satisfaction, without thinking of wiping his mouth, so that the red juice dripped from his lips.

Cussy did a way of his own. It was just as incorrect, but he was so funny that each time Pansy looked at him she was inclined to laugh out loud. He sat on his haunches, one leg extended, and with his right paw he held a wooden bowl, showing a sole which was strangely human in shape, if not in color. First one then the other paw did the little fellow stick into the bowl, then licking them in turns, whilst the sticky food, Pansy did not know what it was, ran down between his claws, dripping off them to the ground before his busy tongue was able to prevent it.

Pansy felt both inclined to hug Cussy and to box his ears. He was both delicious and disgusting, and the sight of him tickled Pansy's fancy in an extraordinary way. Besides there was something delightfully unusual about feasting with a bear family. Pansy all the time had the feeling as though Cussy were really a child pretending to be a bear, or a bear pretending to be a child.

The other members of the family had not much better manners and Pansy studied each in turn with profound interest. Certainly it was the beauty of the family who ate most cleanly, but Pansy had also the impression that he was enjoying his meal more than the others. The truth was that "the beauty of the family" could not forget that there was a lovely little lady in the room.

Pansy had been offered a little wooden bowl filled with a delicious concoction of meal, honey and jam. It was a sort of sticky paste, most appetizing and very sweet, but the perplexing thing was that Cussy had never given her spoon nor fork.

At a certain moment Pansy caught Pinky-Panky's roving eye and, skipping away suddenly, the clever Imp reappeared almost immediately with a flat piece of wood that quite well replaced the missing spoon.

The bears seemed to be entirely vegetarians; no meat of any kind appeared in the food principally consisted of fruit, jam and honey and a few other strange mixtures of very aromatic herbs. Certainly Mother Grizzles was an excellent cook.

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MOTHER GRIZZLES CAME INTO THE CAVE CARRYING A HUGE WOODEN BOWL.

feet and was advancing with outstretched hands toward the lady of the house.

"I'm out exploring," exclaimed Pansy, "and I'll tell everybody I met has been very kind to me."

"You've been a lucky little girl, but I really wonder that your mamma allows you to wander about all alone."

"She does not exactly allow me," explained Pansy, rather lamely.

"Then you run away?"

"No, not that, either, exactly; I wanted to peep through doors because grown-up people don't answer my questions properly. Then I opened one door and it led me into a wood and the wood led me to another door and that door led me to a very interesting old lady and that old lady led me to another door."

"And then there was another door and another door and so on..." interrupted Mother Grizzles, "and by the time it was night, you had gone such a long way that you would not even have been able to find your way back..."

"...I understand—but little girl, little girl, it's a dangerous business—one road always leads to another; that's the way of the world, and suddenly one may find oneself much further from

A SOCIAL LEADER
OF THE FUTURE AT
NEWPORT, R. I.



Here is Little Miss Sylvia Szechenyi, Daughter of the Countess Szechenyi of New York.

PERFUMED TRAILS LEAD TO NEW YORK'S LATEST BEAUTY SPOT

Gorgeous Models the Features—Their Secrets:

Dress Like Queens on \$40 Per.
Always Broke, But Happy.

Prefer Westerners for Husbands.
Numbered-According to "Shapes."



Story and Pictures by Will B. Johnstone

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PUT on your smoked glasses and stuff your ears with cotton and follow the perfumed trail that leads off Fifth Avenue down West 23d Street and you will find the "Beauty Spot" of New York City.

There at high noon, in a Frenchy little restaurant, goddesses who "model" for the cloak and suit houses in the neighborhood, drink their nectar and eat their ambrosia.

The menu is descriptive of the place, "Queen olives" for the queens, "Chicken" with French dressing, "Peaches," "Preserved peaches" and "Peach Melba." The only false note is "Corn beef and cabbage."

There is more perfect pulchritude to the square inch in this mecca of the models than any "Peacock Alley" in town.

"That is Miss Theresa Olsen, the prima donna" of the models, over there," indicated Ferdinand Newman, manager, who finds it a light task to be pleasant to his customers.

Theresa is a beautiful Howard Chandler Christy type. I was introduced. Her manner was professionally courteous; exquisitely defensive as Georgia Carpenter at his best.

"I am a married man, with two children," I disarmed suspicion. "Give me your confidence and some information about models, please."

"A model is about 5 feet 7 or 8 inches in height and knows all about men," she laughed. "She must know how to wear clothes and take care of herself."

"We are numbered according to build. A 'sixteen' is five feet five and a half inches tall. An 'eighteen' is five feet seven inches tall. 'Then you've heard of the 'perfect thirty-six,' she's five feet nine and there is the 'forty-two and a half,' also five feet nine."

"Our hours are from 9 A. M. to 4:30 P. M. with an hour off for lunch. All we have to do is dress up in beautiful clothes and get as high as \$40 a week."

"That's Alberta O'Connell over there. She can wear clothes better

than anybody at the opera or the horse show. The girl in the red hat is Getelle Dahn. Isn't she stylish?"

"The models here are all stylishly and expensively groomed. How can they do it?" I asked.

"They are allowed to purchase the discarded models at half price," Theresa explained.

The restaurant now was crowded by statuesque Venuses. All types of beauty: blonde, brunette or Titian variety. All richly attired. Great furs draped about them. Summer furs abandoned. And such grand!

"In our business we come in contact with some of the finest men, and some of the worst," she frowned. "Some of the New Yorkers are the worst. As a rule I find that the true men come from the West. That's the kind of a man to marry."

Miss Olsen must have read O. Henry's story about the "Buyer From Cactus City."

Across the table sat Miss Lillian Oringer and Miss Hattie Orenstein. Between puffs at her cigarette Hattie commented on models and fashions.

"Long sleeves are coming back," she said, "and browns will be worn. Squirrel brown will be quite fashionable."

"Models are always broke," she laughed, as she borrowed tip money from her queenly friend Lillian. Lillian pulled a sizable roll of greenbacks from out of her silk stocking which seemed to disprove this statement.

"Models always go fifty-fifty with a pal," was Lillian's reply as she

passed Hattie the change.

Miss Olsen finished her modest luncheon, "a vegetable dinner," consisting of string beans, lima beans, spinach and peas topped off by mashed potatoes in roulette-wheel fashion, surmounted with a poached egg.

"Good for the complexion," were her parting words, as Oswald Miles, head waiter, ushered up another bevy of fashion and beauty.

"Are you troubled with side-walk Johnnie boys?" I asked Assistant Manager Roy Gilbertson on leaving. "No," said Roy. "Take it from the menu, the girls would hand them a combination of cold cuts."

MRS. JARR was looking down upon a bawling piddler in the street below, the flaming geraniums in whose wagon were only less red than his upturned face.

"Willie, run down and ask the man how much are the flowers," Mrs. Jarr commanded, and Master Jarr sped on his way.

"And, oh, Mrs. Jarr, ain't they a beautiful red, just like the color they paint Fire Department automobiles!" cried Gertrude, the maid, who was also glancing out of the window.

This similarity of color came to Gertrude's mind because Claude, her fireman admirer, had been recently detailed to the splendid position of chauffeur to Clancy, the battalion chief.

"I think I'll get some of the geraniums, anyhow," said Mrs. Jarr. Master Willie, who had rushed downstairs to interview the flower piddler, now returned with the information that the man said the geraniums were forty cents each.

"Nonsense!" said Mrs. Jarr. "There was a man through here a little while ago selling them for a quarter!" She might have purchased a half dozen or so, however, as they flamed bravely below, but Mrs. Stryver was seen alighting from her automobile, and it is a part of neighborhood gentility not to patronize peddlers—if your more prosperous friends are present.

"I just dropped in to see you a moment," puffed Mrs. Stryver when she arrived at the Jarr apartment. "And, oh, dear, I wish you had an elevator. Clara Mudridge-Smith called me up on the phone and suggested we get up a flower guild."

"That's very sweet of you. You never call unless it is to demonstrate again that you are working for some good cause," said Mrs. Jarr.

This was said meaningfully—Mrs. Stryver very seldom called unless it was to ask subscriptions.

"Yes, I am foolish to be so kind hearted," replied Mrs. Stryver. "I have been everywhere this morning getting dollar donations and I ruined a tire that will cost Mr. Stryver \$20, and my chauffeur broke one of the lamps on the machine running into the wagon at your curb."

Mrs. Jarr said she knew, and allowed herself to be ejected out of the dollar she would have liked to use to buy flowers for herself.

"That is real sweet of you. This makes \$4 I have collected myself," said Mrs. Stryver, "and if you will put on your things and go around with me to a few more places we will buy some flowers and take them so

some poor people in the next block."

Mrs. Jarr assented and in response to his persistent clamorings Master Willie was permitted to go along.

By the time Mrs. Jarr had properly attired herself and by the time Master Jarr was furnished up and by the time they had all stopped at Mrs. Mudridge-Smith's for tea and had secured a few more donations from unwilling friends it was getting toward evening.

They finally wound up at a florist's and bought some potted plants and were then driven to some tenement houses near the coal yards by the river.

A red faced man appeared at the first door they knocked.

"Take away the posies," he said coldly. "I've sold out my flower route and I'm going to drive an ice wagon. I've got a cellar full of geraniums and I am giving them to the neighbors."

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GLIMPSSES INTO SHOPS

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A chic hat is of bright red straw found in white. The trimming consists of a wreath of flowers. If this hat was worn with one of those pretty white costumes that have just a touch of red it would make a fetching toilette.

The new spangled nets are handsomer than ever, and the evening wraps in metal brocade chiffon in brilliant color, trimmed with metal lace and fur, are receiving the admiration of shoppers. A beautiful creation is of silver net with a collar of mole skin. The trimmings consist of flowers made up of the mole combined with heavy silver thread embroidery.

For the cool days there are exquisite silk scarfs in stripes, plaids and Persian colorings. A beautiful one in two toned brown stripes is marked \$22.50. Have you seen the newest bathing suits? Those of taffeta with wool embroideries are beautiful, but to be real smart your bathing suit should be of velvet. They were quite popular at Palm Beach, and the shops are now showing the new models. Those of black velvet, embellished in brilliant colors in pastel and border effects are very attractive. These suits will be popular, as water is no wise injures the velvet. Most of the new bathing suits have very short full skirts—those ruffled to the waist are prominent. The new neck line is wide and low over the shoulders, and the sleeves are extremely short.

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UNFORBIDDEN FRUIT

By Neal R. O'Hara.

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FRUIT has always played an important part in man's life. An apple caused Adam to fall, and to-day the raisin has got men staggering. In the last twelve months raisins have made more men walk unsteadily than all the banana peels. And raisins aren't all that makes a cautious man reckless. Many a guy that wouldn't bet on a pair is willing to call on a peach.

You can't dope the phoney tricks of fruit at the altar or at the bar.



Plenty of lemons have been made to look sweet by carrying orange blossoms. And plenty of fruit fanciers have gone ossified from diving for olives at the bottom of Martinis.

Fruit is about all that's left to discovered peaches and planted 'em on their roof, where they thrive.

Volstead took the cherry out of Manhattan and the orange out of the Bronx, but he can't keep the raisin out of beer. The Eighteenth Amendment shut down the breweries of Milwaukee, but it can never close up the grape arbors of California.

While there are raisins there is hope. "We aren't lost!" the captain shouted, as he staggered from the bar.

History repeats itself, and to-day a guy gets as much by going into the vineyard at the eleventh hour as the early birds that were there when the place opened up. Provided, of course, he picks raisins. A fox is always a fox, the same as he was in Aesop's Fables. And the real foxes to-day, like Aesop's animal, are passing up sour grapes and waiting until they're dried into raisins.

The 1920 souse now has all the makings of a mince pie in his pockets. He carries raisins in one and, cloves in the other, but the results are better than pastry. And the confirmed rummies aren't the only ones. Many a yam with a white ribbon on his lapel has some blue ribbon stuff in the cellar icebox, with raisins lurking nearby. Grapes certainly have earned their place in the sun and raisins their place in the cellar.

A golden apple started the Trojan war, and Louis the Quince had 'em hopping in France. It was a date that Antony had with Cleopatra that pushed Mark into the discard, and it was cherries in Washington's backyard that gave George his rep for sidestepping hokum. It was one apple on the head that led Newton to discover gravity, and it was another apple on the head that put William Tell in grand opera.

And fruit has piled up some wonderful fortunes. Edison discovered currents and went to Orange, N. J., to plant 'em. John D. Rockefeller discovered melons and went down to Wall Street to bank 'em. Ziegfeld

DRY SCALP—Den. L.—Use a woman doing exceptionally heavy work of this kind should always take some stretching, deep breathing and relaxing exercises in the fresh air and sunshine to offset the others.

GLUTEN FLOUR—Mrs. W.—Gluten flour is of value when used in treatment of certain disorders in which starch must be excluded from the diet. While nourishing, it is non-fatening and is supposed to contain only the protein and mineral elements of the wheat berry.

WEAK BACK—Jennie J.—Try trunk raising, body bending, twisting and circling at least five minutes twice each day.

HOUSEWORK AS EXERCISE—Mrs. J. P.—While housework is exercise it does not bring all the muscles into play at the same time. Any

BLEACHING HAIR—Maury F. L.—As the hair comes in you will have to bleach them at the roots with peroxide of hydrogen on a toothbrush wrapped with cotton. Then roll up each little knot to keep the bleach from dripping and making the ends lighter than the rest of the hair. Keep the bleach on the new hairs, if possible. This is the most troublesome part of keeping bleached hair light, once you have started it.

THIN FACE—Margery F.—If the bony structure of the face is very small, no exercise will make the face larger. Of course, as you take on flesh, you may notice a slight change in the contour of your face.

A PARIS PICTURE HAT AT THE RACES.

A PARIS creation of an Ascot hat with a wide sun-brim in black taffeta contrasting with an under-brim of sky-blue trimmed with parti-colored roses of blue and black and a fine net well draped in picturesque mode around the brim.

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